

TRIAL BY FIRE

There are colonels and majors and generals and some old captains who hold that Isabel Hampden was the most attractive woman who ever graced the frontier...

She had been brought up in garrisons and large cities, and by the time she was 22 she knew the world rather well. Moreover, she knew men—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live in posts during most of what should have been her boarding-school days, and because she was pleasant to look upon and conversed with at an age when most girls are impossible, men had fallen in love with her pretty much ever since she could remember.

But Lieut. Loring was the last victim of her practice. He proposed to her, unfortunately for himself, just after she had met young Ardsley.

'I thought this morning that maybe I would marry you,' said Miss Hampden. 'But I've changed my mind, some way.'

'Weren't you just a trifle prompt in determining my intentions?' he asked. 'Has the event proved me wrong?' she returned.

'He lost his temper. You are spoiled,' he said. 'If you know how often I have heard that! Yet I do not think I am. I am simply sincere, and you are a little too vain, all of you, and grasp the difference. I like you awfully well—no, now, don't misunderstand me. I don't love you. And you are too nice a fellow to be married to a girl who only likes you. No,' she repeated.

'I do not think I'm spoiled. I have been so placed that men were making love to me at an age when other girls were playing with dolls. It's partly because I'm pretty and partly, largely, because there are so few women out here. When I have been in the East I haven't made much of a sensation. I've grown a bit hardened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the edge—which was fearfully keen and cutting, at first—of being told that I am breaking a heart. But, though I am only 22, I've lived to see dozens of you marry and be happy. You'll do the same.'

'O, no, I shall not,' moaned Loring. 'O, yes, you will, Jack. And I shan't mind. Now I've promised to dance this with the new Mr. Ardsley, and we stay out here any longer every one will guess what has happened.'

'They'll know when they see me.' 'Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only the heart that is trying to take itself seriously that exhibits the pain.'

'Don't discuss a subject you know nothing about. You have no heart.' As Miss Hampden walked with Ardsley, she knew that Loring was wrong; that this tall boy fresh from West Point, as new in experience of the world as the brass buttons on his blouse, was the man she was going to love. He would love her, of course. It is to be feared that it did not enter her head that he might not. She saw a ring.

'Is that your class ring?' she said. 'Yes,' he told her. 'May I see it?' He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

'I like this. It's unusual,' she said. 'I am glad you think so, as I conceived the design.' 'I expected to be told that he was clever.' 'Indeed?' was all she said, and that indifferently. 'How cool! I rather thought you'd express surprise, and give me some credit. You are not addicted to flattery, it would seem.'

Between the acts, Ardsley made inquiries and learned the truth. He was bitten with a desire to obtain the unattainable, and he was not one to dally. He went behind the scenes.

'Whom are you going home with, Miss Hampden?' 'I fear no one will take me after the light Mr. Graves has put me in.'

'May I do so?' 'She nodded, and Ardsley went back to his seat. 'So you have refused the entire army?' he asked as they walked home. 'Not quite.'

'The entire department?' 'Well a fair percentage of it,' she admitted. 'Are you going to refuse me?' 'I can't say until you are offered.'

'I offer myself now.' 'And I accept now.' 'Good enough! Will you announce our engagement to night at supper?' 'At the risk of being adjudged insane—yes.'

'Put on this ring until I get another. It will fit your middle finger. Now I am in earnest.' 'So am I,' she said. They were very much in earnest, the event proved; and the garrison derived unmixed pleasure from the total, unconditional, obvious surrender of Miss Hampden as she had always been in everything else. And Ardsley was equally infatuated.

He took back the class ring and gave her a diamond which cost him three months' pay. They were altogether happy. So, just a fortnight before the day arranged for their wedding, the gods demanded the first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout. Miss Hampden clung to Ardsley and cried like a little girl, and did not behave in the least like a woman who had seen countless scouts. And she let him go the wares remembering her standing with her arm against the wall and her head upon her arm, sobbing as if her heart were utterly broken.

Ardsley did not come back from the scout. He was in a fight on what should have been his wedding day. Others were killed and their bodies were recovered and buried, but Ardsley's body was never found.

There was a tale that a fire had been seen on the battlefield the night after the encounter, and in the midst of the fire a tree with a form which might have been that of a man against it. There were Indians grouped around it. Miss Hampden never heard the story. She never even guessed at what had happened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless wife of a mighty general, and she was accompanying her husband on a tour of inspection in the West. They were at an agency one day, and were visiting the tepees. It was the agency of the Indians that young Ardsley had fought two decades before; and the General's wife was nervously herself not to show that she remembered this.

The General was examining the trinkets that hung on a string around the neck of a half-blind squaw. 'Here is a West Point class ring!' he exclaimed. His wife repeated her words of twenty years past.

'May I see it?' she asked, coolly. She took it in her hands and turned it about. She could make out the design, though it seemed to have passed through some heat that had melted it. There was no doubt in her mind. Nevertheless, she looked inside. The heat had not affected it there, and the initials were quite plain even yet.

'D. A.' she said; 'it was David Ardsley's ring. The fire did not touch the letters. I understand now why they never could tell me which was his grave.'

Wanzer Lamps advertisement featuring an illustration of a lamp and text: 'NO CHIMNEY TO BREAK. NON-EXPLOSIVE. MORE LIGHT. LESS OIL. Boils water in a few minutes. Gives a pure purified light. Pays for itself in a short time.'

diva must be pacified or she might fail them at the last moment. May the deception be forced to practice be pardoned him! He cut the handbills in two through the middle of Patti's name, and pasted the two pieces on a piece of paper within half an inch of each other; thus with the use of black ink he was enabled to elongate the letters the desired amount. A printer's boy assisted him to make a neat job of it, so that the deceit was not apparent.

Armed with this he presented himself before the diva, assuring her that the other could not have been a correct copy. Patti was pacified, and the manager still carries the sin upon his conscience.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Marvellous Cure. Mrs. Alfred Rochette, No. 65 Abraham street, Quebec, was suffering for a long time from serious bronchitis, which was getting worse every day. It looked as if it would change to consumption. It was not very encouraging for her to be in this condition. Mrs. Rochette was without hope of getting relief and despaired of recovering in spite of all the medicines she was taking all the time.

Long to be Remembered. Wife—'We have been married twelve years, and not once have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I, dear Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as a milestones in my life.'

The pleasure, in receiving a letter lasts no longer than it takes to break the seal. After that, comes the worry of answering it.

Advertisement for 'SUSPENDERS' featuring an illustration of a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. Text: 'BORN. GUARANTEED. UGH! HIM HEAR BETTER THAN BELT!'

Shediac, April 15, to wife of A. J. Webster, a son. Pictou, April 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraser, a son.

Amherst, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. T. Conlar, a son. Rogersville, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, a son.

Amherst, April 18 to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mountain a son. Boston, Mass., April 18, to the wife of E. J. Smith a son.

Halifax, April 16, to Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hawkins, a son. Shelburne, April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. J. McCarthy, a son.

Sussex, April 1, to the wife of J. W. Foster, a daughter. Truro, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cox, a daughter.

House Cleaning advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Family Paint. Text: 'Painting is part of it—just as much as soaping and scrubbing. There are spots that water cannot remove, and discolorations that scouring will not take away. Use the paint brush in such cases. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT. In small cans, is made to meet the thousand and one demands for a little paint about the house. It is ready to use. Dries quickly with a good gloss. Can be washed. Leading dealers keep it. Write to us if you don't find it. Book on painting free. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, 100 Canal St., Cleveland, Ohio. 337 Washington St., New York. 232 Stewart Ave., Chicago. 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.'

Springhill, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Miller, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 31, to Rev. and Mrs. E. Crowell a daughter, still born. Bermuda, March 16, to the wife of Colwyn W. Vallentyne, a daughter.

West Branch, Kent Co., April 12, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Carruthers, a son. River John, by Rev. R. J. Grant, James Redmond to Jennie Gammon.

Newcastle, April 7, by Rev. W. Aitken, James I. Stewart to Marie Reid. Egin, April 20, by Rev. J. B. Young, Robert Collier to Annie Graves.

Yarmouth, April 11, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Lemuel Closs to Kate B. Bowler. Eastport, April 9, by Rev. F. W. Byram, Frank L. Butler to Clara W. Lord.

Baccaro, April 11, by Rev. J. H. Davis, John H. Bath, N. B., April 13, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Dexter Barker to Ida L. Stanlake.

Blackville, April 12, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Walter Palmer to Amy D. McMillin. Woodville, April 6, by Rev. Ernest Quicke, Desmond Shodart to Eva Murphy.

Springhill, April 20, by Rev. J. M. Brancroft, James Albert Cain to Annie Gabriel. Amherst, April 9, by Rev. E. V. Harris, Henry A. Archibald to Josephine F. Lockman.

River John, April 9, by Rev. G. Lawson Gordon, Alexander Jondris to Jessie Joudrie. North East Harbor, April 9, by Rev. John Phelan, David Greenwood to Maggie Smith.

Jamaica Plains, March 16, by Rev. G. W. Jones, Howard Curtis to Miss H. C. Bowden. Campbell Settlement, April 21, by Rev. A. D. Archibald, John Campbell to Mary Wilson.

St. John, W. E., April 20, by Rev. G. A. Hartly, David Charles Taylor to Miss Ethel McLeod. St. John, April 21, by Rev. J. W. Clark assisted by Rev. David Lowe, Patrick A. Crookshank to Amelia J. Brown.

St. John, April 19, John O'Grady. Cumberland, N. S., John McLean 31. St. John, April 23, James Gibbons 72.

Weymouth, April 14, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barril 9 months. McLellan's Brook, Pictou Co., April 12, Beatie T. wife of Alex. D. Fraser 72.

Southbridge, Mass., April 15, Allie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mahon 3. Red Head, April 19, Emma F. daughter of Louisa and the late Thomas Bean 11.

St. George's, Bermuda, April 5, Robert W. son of Corporal and Mrs. Robert Fortescue. Halfway Cove, Guysboro Co., April 17, Mary E., widow of the late John G. Henderson 84.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.34 p. m. Tu. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.48 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 5.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 5.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebon between Halifax and Yarmouth. BOSTON SERVICE By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Bluebon" Express, arriving in Boston every next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Stations can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. To The Klondike VIA ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer "Danube" will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michael, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City. Fare for each passenger, with outfit not to exceed one ton, Vancouver to Dawson City \$500. Freight rates St. John to Vancouver \$35. First class, \$25. Second class good only for continuous passage. For rates via other routes, maps, descriptive pamphlets and other information furnished on application to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....10.00 Express for Halifax.....10.10 Express for Sussex.....10.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....10.30 Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....9.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax.....10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....10.30 Accommodation from Moncton.....10.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and the between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINGHAM, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

CANCER advertisement: 'Hundreds have been cured without knife or plaster by our pleasant HOME TREATMENT. Full particulars in circulars. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.'